

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

ALL TRUE CRIME STORIES

APRIL
NO. 121
10¢

CRIME

DOES NOT PAY

AUTHORIZED
A. C. M. P.

CONFORMS
to the
COMICS
CODE

HOODLUM BOOTLEGGER

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER · CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS



IRVING "WAXEY" GORDON

WAIT—LET
THE GIRLS
GET OUT
OF HERE
FIRST!

IF YOU DAMES GET IN
THE WAY OF A SLUG,
IT'S YOUR OWN
FAULT!

NO MALE
RAT GETS
OUT OF
HERE
ALIVE!





WEB COMIC
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You get 'Shop Training' at home when you learn Television my way!

THOUSANDS OF TECHNICIANS NEEDED NOW — BE READY FOR A TOP-PAY JOB IN MONTHS

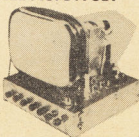
—Says R. C. Anderson, President of C.T.I.

A TRIPLE OPPORTUNITY FOR SUCCESS IN AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING INDUSTRY

Why waste your time on a drudge job at low pay when you can learn to install and repair television sets so easily! As a technician, you can earn up to \$100 a week and more — with lots of opportunity for overtime. There's a shortage of technicians with 16 million sets now in operation. Experts say that within five years, 50 million receivers will be in use. *What a chance to get in on the ground floor!* You can quickly get a high-pay job with a dealer; open a shop of your own; or earn plenty of spare-time profits. C.T.I. trains you in months for success — at home in spare time.

YOU BUILD and KEEP A 16-INCH TELEVISION SET

In addition to over 100 well-illustrated, step-by-step lessons, C.T.I. sends you tools, parts and tubes for building a top-quality television receiver. You get valuable experience, and you keep the set to use and enjoy. Note that you learn TV not just radio!



YOU GET 20 BIG KITS-BUILD TEST INSTRUMENTS



Besides assembling the television set, you also build your power supply unit; a fixed frequency generator; a grading bar generator (which creates a signal and makes testing possible even in remote areas). You build many circuits—get sound, comprehensive training applicable to any set, any make. You get special instruction with each kit.

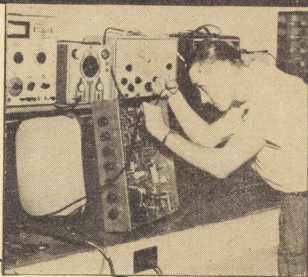
YOUR TRAINING IS KEPT UP-TO-DATE for 5 YEARS

Instruction material for 5 years is sent on any new developments—whether it may be color pictures, 3rd dimension or wall projection. This feature protects your tuition investment!

PROOF! From students and graduates

"I have a very nice business in radio and television. I also sell television sets and gross \$6,000 a month."—A. J. Perri, Mich. "Since graduating, I have been repairing TV sets. I have more business than I can keep up with."—John Marshall, Ill. "I now have my own service shop. There are two of us and we keep busy all the time."—Vernon Rikli, Wis. "My income has increased 34%; my equipment has increased 300%; in the last three months; and I can diagnose 75% of all TV defects at a glance. You made everything possible."—Frank Delia, Ill. "My C.T.I. training was good enough to promote me to the managership of a TV and radio shop."—R. C. Miller, Wash. "I now own and operate my own shop."—Clifford Griffith, Ind.

836 Broadway,
Commercial Trades Institute, New York 3, N. Y.



INDUSTRIAL ELECTRONICS NEEDS 70,000

Within three years, it is estimated that over 130,000 technicians will be required to install and maintain home TV receivers. But there are big opportunities in industrial electronics, too! A leading trade magazine recently stated that the electronics industry could use possibly 70,000 well-trained technicians right now. Your C.T.I. training prepares you for many good jobs in this field, as well as for positions in communications.

VALUABLE BOOKLET FREE!

We have prepared a valuable booklet entitled, "You Can Succeed in Television." It is jam-packed with facts. It describes your opportunities in television, and it tells how you can prepare for a well-paid position or a business of your own. Discover how easily you can learn television at home through C.T.I.'s famous shop-proved method . . . in months! Get the facts from the school that has graduated over 30,000 ambitious men! Mail coupon!

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THE
INCREDIBLE
DYNAMIC
CAREER OF

IRVING ("WAXEY" GORDON) WEXLER

THIS IS THE SORDID TALE OF A CRIMINAL, WAXEY GORDON, WHO GREW UP IN THE SLUMS OF MANHATTAN'S LOWER EAST SIDE, AND ROSE TO A POSITION OF WEALTH AND NOTORIETY DURING THE BLOODY, VIOLENT DAYS OF PROHIBITION—DAYS WHEN PROMINENT MEN, NUMBERED BOOTLEGGERS AMONG THEIR MOST VALUED FRIENDS...AND DAYS WHEN WAXEY WAS THE BIGGEST OF THEM ALL! AND THEN, JUST AS QUICKLY AS HE HAD CLIMBED THE LADDER OF SUCCESS, HE DESCENDED BACK TO THE GUTTER THAT HAD GIVEN HIM HIS START! THIS IS THE TRUE STORY OF WAXEY GORDON!

STOP,
WAXEY!
IT'S NO USE!
THE JUNK'S
ON YOU!

WHA... COPS!!
I'M FINISHED! I
WON'T BE ABLE TO
STAND ANOTHER PRISON
TERM! SHOOT ME—
GO AHEAD! I'D
RATHER DIE THAN
GO TO PRISON!

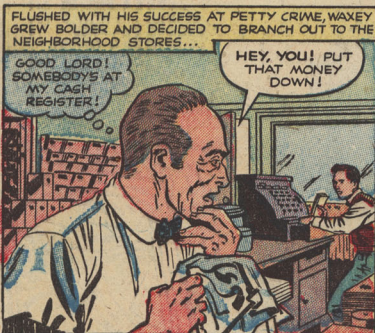
WAIT A MINUTE! I'VE
GOT TWENTY-FIVE
GRAND HERE, AND
THERE'S MORE WHERE
THIS CAME FROM!
HOW ABOUT IT?
YOU CAN FORGET
THIS, CAN'T YOU?



IN
CONSIDERATION
OF INNOCENT
PERSONS INVOLVED AND
RELATIVES OF OTHERS,
THE NAMES OF CHARACTERS
DEPICTED IN THIS MAGAZINE
ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY SIMILARITY
TO NAMES OF PEOPLE LIVING OR
DEAD IS ENTIRELY COINCIDENTAL.
THIS IN NO WAY
AFFECTS THE ACCURACY
OF THESE STORIES
WHICH ARE BASED
ON FACT.

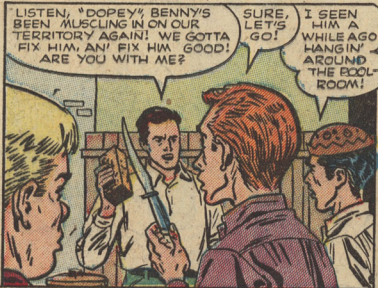
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IN 1902, WHEN WAXEY WAS ONLY SEVENTEEN, HE WAS KNOWN THEN BY HIS REAL NAME OF IRVING WEXLER...



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AS IS STILL THE CASE, THE YOUNG HOODLUMS OF THOSE DAYS DRIFTED INTO LOOSELY ORGANIZED GANGS—STAKING OUT THEIR OWN TERRITORIES, AND ENFORCING THEIR UNWRITTEN REGULATIONS WITH VIOLENCE!



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AT THIS TIME, HE ASSUMED THE ALIAS OF GORDON WHICH REMAINED WITH HIM! CONVINCED THAT HE COULD BEAT ANY RAP, WAXEY GREW BOLDER...



THIS TIME, HOWEVER, WAXEY WAS NOT SO LUCKY! HIS VICTIM WENT TO THE POLICE, AND PICKED WAXEY'S PICTURE OUT OF A FILE OF KNOWN CRIMINALS...

AFTER COMPLETING HIS TERM, WAXEY DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT FOR A FEW YEARS! BUT IN THE EARLY 1920'S, HE EMBARKED ON A NEW TYPE OF BUSINESS VENTURE...

YOU'LL NEVER CONVINCE ME THAT WAXEY GORDON'S RUNNING A LEGITIMATE BUSINESS, LIEUTENANT! YEAH, THAT PLACE IS A FRONT OF SOME KIND, ALL RIGHT! MAYBE NARCOTICS! WE CAN'T LIFT OUR HAND UNTIL WE'RE SURE WE'VE GOT SOMETHING, THOUGH!

I WARNED YOU BEFORE, WAXEY! YOU WON'T SLIP OUT OF THIS CHARGE! YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF ASSAULT AND THEFT, AND I SENTENCE YOU TO TWO YEARS IN SING SING! AND YOU'LL SERVE EVERY MINUTE OF YOUR TERM!

HOW DO YA LIKE IT, BOYS? THERE'S A BIG ROOM IN THE BASEMENT, AND AN ALLEY GOES RIGHT BY THE BACK DOOR! LOOKS OKAY! YEAH, I THINK THIS'LL DO JUST FINE!



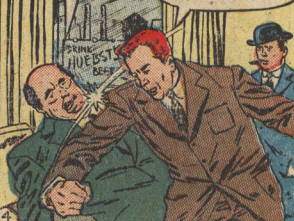
ACTING ON A TIP, THE POLICE STOPPED A TRUCK THAT THEY BELIEVED HAD COME FROM WAXEY'S POOLROOM...

I THINK WE'VE GOT THE GOODS ON WAXEY, LIEUTENANT! THERE MUST BE CLOSE TO 200 POUNDS OF OPIUM IN THE BACK OF THIS TRUCK! MAYBE THIS IS ONE TIME WE NAIL WAXEY GORDON... BUT GOOD!

BUT THE POLICE HAD MOVED IN TOO SOON! IN ORDER TO HAVE CONVICTED WAXEY, THEY WOULD HAVE HAD TO ACTUALLY CATCH HIM WITH THE NARCOTICS ON HIS PERSON, AND HE WAS ACQUITTED! THE DRIVER RECEIVED A JAIL TERM AND THE OPIUM WAS CONFISCATED... PERHAPS SOBERED BY THIS CLOSE CALL, WAXEY RETIRED FROM THE POOLROOM BUSINESS, AND PURCHASED TWO MANHATTAN HOTELS TO ALL APPEARANCES HE WAS 'AN HONEST BUSINESSMAN'...

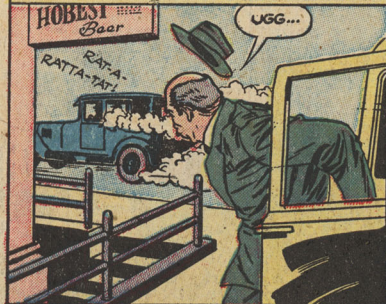
WAXEY DECIDED TO SPECIALIZE IN BEER, AND ORDERED HIS MEN TO BUY ALL AVAILABLE BREWERIES IN NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY! WHEN SOME OWNERS REFUSED TO SELL...

HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU? I DON'T WANT TO SELL... AGGHH!! YOU DON'T CATCH ON VERY FAST, DO YOU, PAL? WHEN WAXEY WANTS TO BUY..... YOU GOTTA WANT TO SELL! GET ME?



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IF SUCH "SUBTLE" PERSUASION FAILED TO PRODUCE RESULTS, MORE DIRECT MEANS WERE RESORTED TO!



WITHIN A SHORT TIME, WAXEY CONTROLLED MOST OF THE BREWERIES IN THE NEW YORK AREA...



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WITHIN A FEW MONTHS, EVERYTHING WAS GOING SMOOTHLY, AND WAXEY'S EMPIRE WAS FIRM! HE BEGAN USING THE GREAT WEALTH THAT HE WAS ACCUMULATING... A HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY, A PENTHOUSE IN TOWN... FOUR EXPENSIVE CARS...



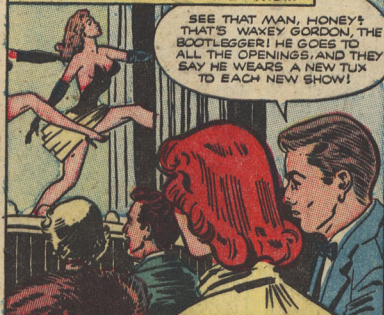
...\$3,000 FOR A BAR IN HIS APARTMENT, \$4,000 FOR A LEATHER-BOUND LIBRARY OF THE CLASSICS... A LIBRARY THAT WAS NEVER READ...



HIS UNDERWEAR COST \$20.00 AND HIS SUITS, \$200! HE OFTEN THREW PARTIES! THE KID FROM THE SLUMS WAS BUYING CULTURE AND PAYING CASH—NEVER REALIZING THAT WHAT HE WANTED COULD NOT BE BOUGHT!

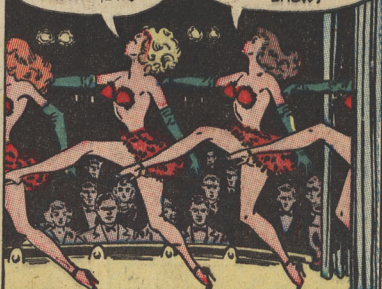


HE BECAME A PATRON OF THE ARTS...



ISN'T THAT WAXEY GORDON IN THE FRONT ROW?

SMILE AT HIM, HONEY! HE OWNS HALF THE SHOW!



FOR OVER EIGHT YEARS, WAXEY RULED AND LIVED LIKE A KING! AND THEN... DISASTER... THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT WAS REPEALED, PROHIBITION AND THE DAYS OF THE GRAVY TRAIN WERE ENDED! WITH THE LEGALIZATION OF BEER, BREWERIES SUDDENLY BECAME VERY VALUABLE PROPERTIES AND THERE WERE MANY "DISPUTES" CONCERNING OWNERSHIP! IN 1933, AS WAXEY AND THREE OF HIS BOYS WERE EATING IN AN ELIZABETH, N.J. HOTEL...

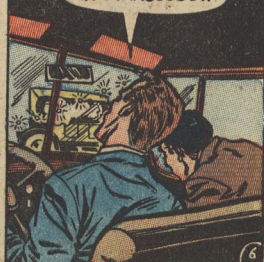
DUCK, WAXEY! THEY'RE AFTER US!

EEEEAAAAKKK!



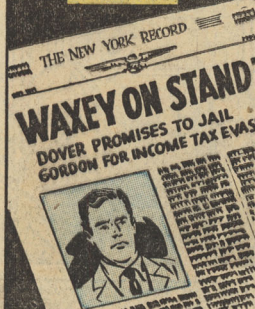
THE MEN RAN OUT AFTER THEIR FIRST BURST OF FIRE, BUT TWO OF WAXEY'S BEST MEN WERE DEAD BEFORE HE COULD LEARN THE IDENTITY OF HIS ATTACKERS...

ARRRRRG6666!!



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A NEW SPECIAL U.S. PROSECUTOR, NAMED DAN DOVER, HAD PLEDGED HIMSELF TO CRACK DOWN ON THE LEADING UNDERWORLD FIGURES AND WAXEY WAS THE FIRST ON HIS LIST...



YOU HAVE HEARD THE WITNESSES, AND YOU HAVE READ THE MANY INCRIMINATING DOCUMENTS I HAVE PRESENTED! IN VIEW OF THE OVERWHELMING EVIDENCE, THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT THAT THIS MAN OWES THE GOVERNMENT OVER A HALF MILLION DOLLARS IN BACK TAXES—TAXES THAT HE HAD NO INTENTION OF PAYING!



MR. DOVER WAS RIGHT—THERE WAS NO QUESTION OF WAXEY'S GUILT! AFRAID OF THIS NEW METHOD OF ATTACK, NONE OF THE KINGPINS OF THE UNDERWORLD MADE ANY EFFORT TO HELP...

THIS COURT HAS FOUND YOU GUILTY, AND I SENTENCE YOU TO A FINE OF \$20,000, AND A TERM OF TEN YEARS IN LEAVENWORTH FEDERAL PENITENTIARY!



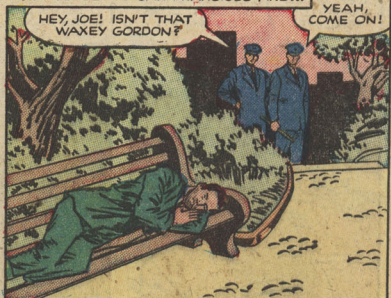
IN 1940, WITH THREE YEARS OFF FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR, WAXEY WAS RELEASED! UNABLE TO PAY THE HUGE SUMS HE OWED, HE WAS FORCED TO SIGN A PAUPER'S OATH...

I HOPE THESE SEVEN YEARS HAVE TAUGHT YOU SOMETHING, GORDON!

THEY SURE HAVE, WARDEN, AND CAN THAT WAXEY GORDON STUFF! FROM NOW ON, IT'S IRVING WEXLER, SALESMAN!



WAXEY WAS CLOSER TO THE TRUTH THAN HE REALIZED! BROKE, WITH NO MORE UNDERWORLD CONTACTS, HE DRIFTED OUT TO SAN FRANCISCO AND...



HEY!! WH...WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'?

WE DON'T WANT YOU SMELLING UP OUR TOWN, GORDON! GET GOIN'; OR WE'LL RUN YOU IN FOR VAGRANCY!



BACK IN NEW YORK, THE MAYOR ORDERED HIS ARREST! WAXEY PROTESTED, AND THE CASE CAME TO COURT...

ALTHOUGH YOU COULD HARDLY BE CONSIDERED A VALUABLE MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY, WE CANNOT LEGALLY THROW YOU OUT OF TOWN! STAY OUT OF TROUBLE, GORDON, AND YOU MAY REMAIN IN NEW YORK!



IN 1941, HE SPENT A YEAR IN THE FEDERAL PRISON AT ATLANTA FOR DEALINGS IN BLACK MARKET SUGAR! IN 1944, HE WAS LINKED WITH A GANG TRYING TO WORK A RACKET WITH SURPLUS WAR GOODS! IN 1947 HE WAS CAUGHT IN A HOTEL ROOM WITH \$40,000 WORTH OF "HOT" WATCHES...



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FOLLOWING HIS RELEASE, WAXEY DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT! AND THEN, IN THE LATE SPRING OF 1951, SERGEANT JOHN COSTA OF THE NARCOTICS SQUAD, RECEIVED A MYSTERIOUS PHONE CALL...



WAXEY WAS PROMPTLY PUT UNDER CONSTANT SURVEILLANCE—FOLLOWED DAY AND NIGHT...



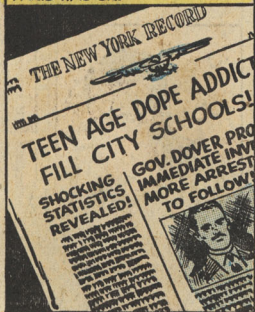
WAXEY AND THE NARCOTICS! PEDDLER WENT ON THE ROAD SETTING UP THEIR BUSINESS... BOSTON, PITTSBURGH, DETROIT, CHICAGO... AND EVERYWHERE THEY WENT, THEIR WATCHDOGS FOLLOWED!



FOR TWO MONTHS, THE TWO NEVER HANDLED ANY JUNK THEMSELVES, AND ANY ARREST WOULD HAVE BEEN USELESS...



AND THEN, IN AUGUST OF 1951, THE STORY ABOUT TEEN AGE NARCOTICS USERS BROKE—REVEALING THAT DOPE PUSHERS WERE ACTUALLY POLICE PLANTS! THE PANIC WAS ON!



IT'S NO GOOD, WAXEY! THESE CREEPS ARE SCARED! THEY WON'T DEAL WITH ANYBODY BUT YOU, OR SAM!

I WAS AFRAID OF THIS! WELL, WE HAVE TO KEEP THE JUNK MOVING, IF WE'RE GONNA BUILD UP A BUSINESS! WHEN'S YOUR NEXT SHIPMENT, SAM?



TOMORROW AFTERNOON! I'LL HAVE A POUND OF HEROIN!

OKAY, HERE'S HOW WE WORK IT! MEET ME AT THE CORNER OF 69TH AND YORK—DRIVE AROUND THE BLOCK A COUPLE OF TIMES TO MAKE SURE I'M NOT BEIN' TAILED, AND THEN PASS IT TO ME!



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FROM ONE OF THEIR PLANTS, THE DETECTIVES LEARNED OF THE MEETING, AND THEY WERE READY! AT SEVEN P.M., OF AUGUST 2ND...

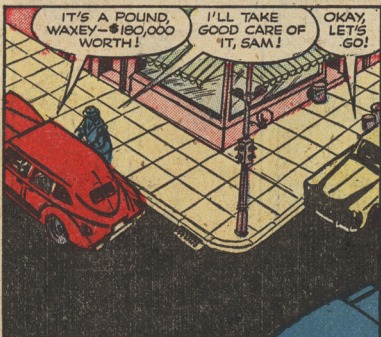
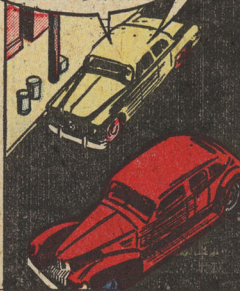
THERE'S THE NARCOTICS MAN NOW! HE'LL PROBABLY CIRCLE THE BLOCK A FEW TIMES TO MAKE SURE NOBODY'S TAILING HIM! I HOPE THE BOYS KEEP OUT OF SIGHT!

DON'T WORRY, MAC! I WAS BRIEFING THEM ALL AFTER-NOON!

HOW ABOUT IT, SAM? WE BEEN AROUND THIS BLOCK THREE TIMES!

OKAY, PULL OVER, BUT KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING! I WANT TO DO THIS AS FAST AS POSSIBLE!

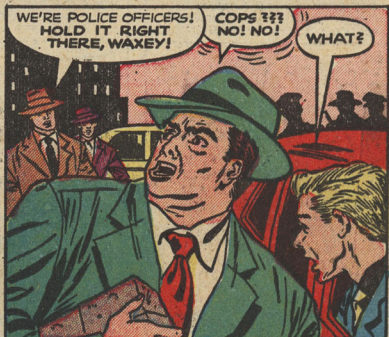
THERE HE GOES, MAC! LET HIM GET A LITTLE WAY DOWN THE BLOCK BEFORE YOU START THE MOTOR! WE DON'T WANT TO TIP HIM OFF!



IT'S A POUND, WAXEY—\$180,000 WORTH!

I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT, SAM!

OKAY, LET'S GO!



WE'RE POLICE OFFICERS! HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, WAXEY!

COPS ??? NO! NO!

WHAT?



I CAN'T STAND ANOTHER JAIL TERM! SHOOT ME! LET ME RUN, AN' YOU CAN SHOOT ME!

WAIT A MINUTE, OFFICERS—DON'T BE HASTY! I'VE GOT TWENTY-FIVE GRAND HERE, AN' I CAN GET A LOT MORE IF YOU COULD JUST FORGET THIS!



WHY, YOU CHEAP, LOUSY PUNK! GET IN THAT CAR BEFORE I FORGET I'M SUPPOSED TO BE AN OFFICER OF THE LAW!

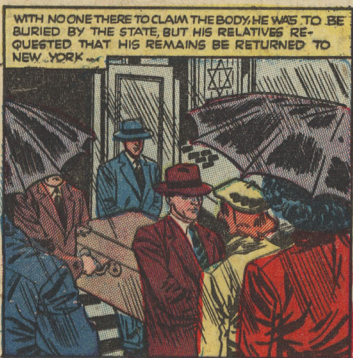
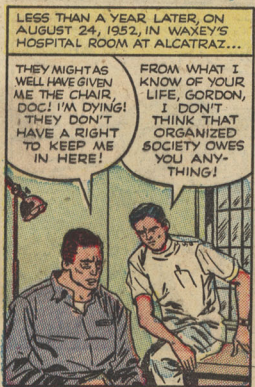
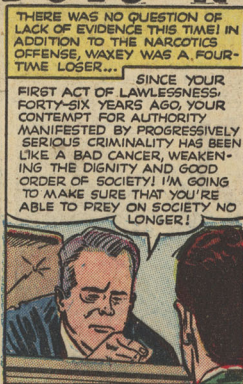
BUT, I... DON'T HIT ME! DON'T!



THE POSSIBILITY OF A BRIBERY ELIMINATED, THE DEGRADED CRINGING WAXEY GORDON MADE HIS LAST PLEA...

HAVE A HEART, OFFICERS! SHOOT ME NOW, AND GET IT OVER WITH! I... I TELL YOU, I CAN'T STAND ANOTHER TERM!

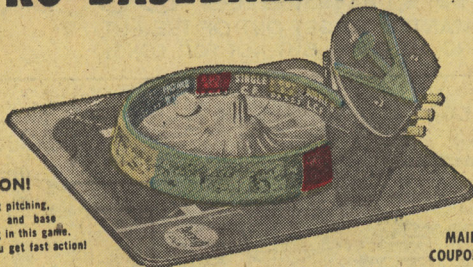
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HAD WAXEY DIED DURING THE HEIGHT OF HIS RIGHMANY NEWSPAPERS MIGHT HAVE CARRIED FULL PAGE STORIES OF HIS CAREER, BUT HE REMAINED ONLY AS A MEMORY OF A TURBULENT ERA, AND ONLY A FEW BRIEF DEATH NOTICES MARKED HIS PASSING! WAXEY GORDON HAD COME FULL CYCLE, AND HE HAD RETURNED, PENNILESS AND ALL BUT FORGOTTEN, TO THE DUST FROM WHICH HE CAME!

The End

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HE WAS NUTTY AS A FRUITCAKE—THAT'S WHY THEY NICKNAMED

MARTY AARONS "BUGS"

HE WANTED TO GET OUT OF THE GUTTER AND HE DID— BUT NOT FOR LONG!



HEY! WHAT IS THIS? UGH! YOU GUYS MUST BE NUTS! DON'T YA KNOW WHO I AM? BOSS KEARNEY'S MY BROTHER, AN'... OOF!

WE'LL BATTER HIM TO A PULP, BUGS!

KEARNEY'S ALSO A ROTTEN, LYIN', DOUBLE-CROSSIN' PUNK! AN' YOU'RE THE APPLE OF HIS EYE! MAYBE I CAN'T GET AT HIM PERSONALLY, BUT YOU'LL DO FINE! GIVE IT TO 'IM REAL GOOD, BOYS! NOBODY CROSSES BUGS AARONS AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!



DICK ROCKWELL

MARTY "BUGS" AARONS HAD ONE PASSION... TO GET OUT OF THE GUTTER! A PRODUCT OF THE LOWER EAST SIDE, HE'D GROWN UP AMID VIOLENCE, BRUTALITY AND HATE... AND MOST OF THAT HATRED WAS FOR THE VERY ENVIRONMENT THAT HAD HELPED TO SHAPE HIS WARPED THINKING! DAY AND NIGHT THE WORDS HAMMERED AT HIS BRAIN... "GET OUT OF THE GUTTER!"

BUGS WAS IN HIS EARLY 20'S BACK IN 1937, AND FOUND THE LIFE OF A POOLROOM HUSTLER MORE LUCRATIVE AND LESS STRENUOUS THAN WORKING FOR A LIVING...

HERE IT IS, SUCKER! THAT'S A FIN' YA OWE ME! WANT TO GO FER ANOTHER?

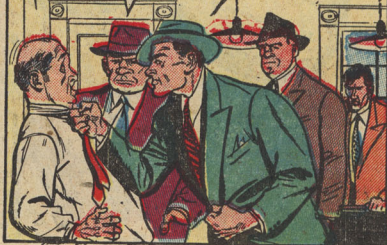
BEAT IT, EVERYBODY! THE HOUSE IS PAYIN' FOR THAT LAST RACK! CLEAR THE PLACE OUT, BOYS! I GOT SOME PRIVATE TALKIN' TO DO WITH THE OLD MAN WHO RUNS THIS DUMP!



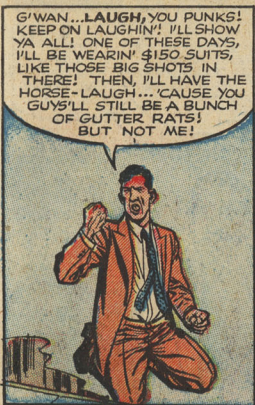
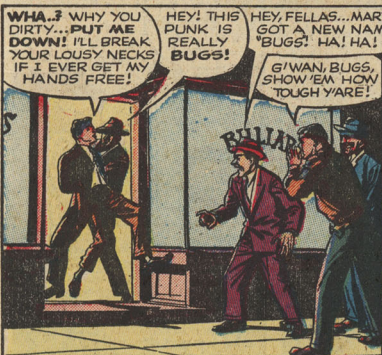
WH...WHAT DO YOU GUYS WANT WITH ME? I...I AIN'T DONE NOthin'...

THAT AIN'T THE WAY WE HEAR IT! YOU'VE BEEN MAKIN' BOOK IN HERE! AN' AFTER WE WARNED YA THAT THIS WAS BOSS KEARNEY'S TERRITORY!

AHH, STOP WASTIN' TIME WITH THIS TWO-BIT CREEP! LET'S BELT HIM AROUND!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, BUGS GOT THE OPPORTUNITY HE WAS WAITING FOR...

'I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU'VE BEEN BEHAVIN' YOURSELF, POP! I DON'T LIKE TO HAVE TO BEAT UP OLD MEN! SAY, THIS PLACE IS DEADDER'N A MORGUE! OH, OH, YOU LOOKIN' FER MORE TROUBLE, BUGS?

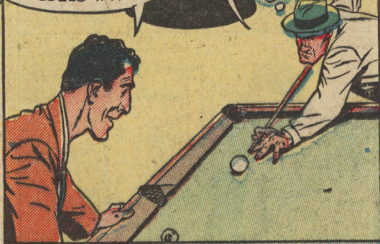
WHO, ME? NAH! I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT...I DIDN'T KNOW WHO YOU GUYS WERE! I'LL RACK 'EM FOR A GAME IF YA WANT!



I HOPE YA DON'T THINK I'M LIKE THOSE OTHER PUNKS WHO HANG AROUND HERE, MR. LANDO! I'M NOT...I'VE GOT AMBITIONS! YOU COULDN'T GET ME IN-TO THE RACKETS, COULD YA?

'FRAID NOT! WE'VE GOT ALL THE MUSCLE MEN WE NEED!

IF THIS KID DOESN'T STOP HIS YAPPIN', I'M GONNA CROWN HIM WITH MY CUE!



AS THE DAYS DRAGGED INTO WEEKS, BUGS KEPT AFTER LANDO!

HI, MR. LANDO! WHAT'S THE LATEST? ANY ROOM FOR ME, YET?

NOT YET, BUGS! THE MOB'S PRETTY TIGHT RIGHT NOW! I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER, KID! I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU WHEN THERE'S AN OPENING!



BUG'S BIG OPPORTUNITY CAME ONE DAY, WHEN A THUG RACED INTO BOSS KEARNEY'S OFFICE, AND...

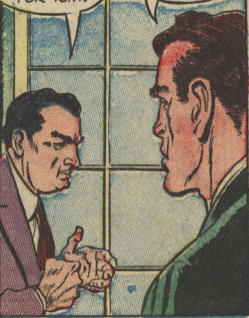
BOSS! BOSS! IT'S YOUR BROTHER, TOM! HE WAS PICKED UP AND IDENTIFIED BY A FILLING STATION ATTENDANT! THEY'VE GOT HIM DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS NOW!

WHAT? WHY, THE CRAZY IDIOT! I TOLD HIM TO COME TO ME IF HE NEEDED CASH! HE... HE'S A THREE-TIME LOSER! HE'LL GET LIFE IF HE'S CONVICTED!



IF WE COULD ONLY GET SOME FALL GUY TO TAKE THE RAP FOR TOM!

BOSS, I'VE GOT IT! I KNOW SOME KID—BEEN ON MY TAIL FOR WEEKS!



AND SO BUGS WAS USHERED INTO THE BIG MAN'S OFFICE...

HERE'S THE PITCH, BUGS! THE KID'S A THREE-TIME LOSER—FACES LIFE IN STIR! IF YOU SAID YOU DIDIT, MY MOUTHPIECE'LL SEE THAT YOU GET...MAYBE EIGHTEEN MONTHS! AND WHEN YOU COME OUT, YOU'VE GOT 25 G'S AND A SPOT IN MY MOB!

HOW ABOUT IT, BUGS?

THAT'S A LONG TIME, BUT...OKAY, I'LL DO IT, MR. KEARNEY!



GOOD BOY, BUGS! YOU WON'T BE SORRY, AND I'LL GIVE YOU A CHECK FOR THE DOUGH RIGHT AFTER YOU'RE SENTENCED! PULL A FAST ONE LIKE TALKIN' AFTER YOU'VE GOT THE DOUGH, AN' YOU WON'T LIVE TO SEE YOUR NEXT BIRTHDAY!

DON'T WORRY, I DON'T CROSS NOBODY! WELL, DOWN THE HATCH!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

PRISON LIFE WAS PRESTIGE IN BUGS' TWISTED WAY OF THINKING! THE DRESS OF HUMANITY, THE OUT-CASTS OF SOCIETY HE ENCOUNTERED BEHIND THOSE HIGH GREY WALLS, WERE HIS HEROES...

AND FINALLY, IN APRIL 1939...

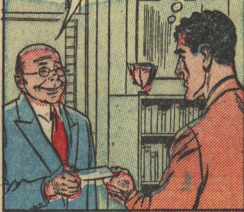
I'M SURE LEARNIN' A LOT FROM THESE JOES! THEY'VE GOT EVERY-THING DOWN PAT! HA, HA... BUGS, OLD BOY, YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY OUTTA THE GUTTER...FER GOOD!!



WELL, AARONS, YOU CAN GO BACK TO BEING A MAN TODAY! STICK TO THE STRAIGHT...YOU'LL FIND THAT IT PAYS IN THE LONG RUN! GOOD LUCK! I HOPE I NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN!

YOU WON'T, WARDEN... I'M GOIN' STRAIGHT!

YEAH-STRAIGHT TO KEARNEY AND THE EASY, BIG MONEY! HA, HA, HA!



HEY, BOSS, THAT PUNK KID, BUGS, IS OUTSIDE! THEY LET 'IM OUT YESTERDAY! WANT ME TO GET RID OF HIM?

MMM...NO! SEND HIM IN! I'LL STALL HIM OFF MYSELF! WE DON'T WANT HIM GETTIN' WISE!



I KNOW I PROMISED YA, BUGS... BUT THE HEAT'S ON RIGHT NOW, AN' WE'RE LAYIN' LOW! BUT YOU DID ME A FAVOR AND I AIN'T FORGETTIN' IT! THE FIRST OPENING THAT COMES UP, I'LL PUT YA ON THE PAY ROLL! MEANWHILE, YOU STILL GOT THAT 25 G'S TA SEE YA ALONG!

HUH? OH, SURE, BOSS... I UNDER- STAND! I'LL KEEP IN TOUCH, OKAY!



I'M WORRIED, BOSS! HOW LONG D'YA THINK YA CAN STRING THE KID ALONG BEFORE HE GETS WISE! AND WHEN HE DOES WISE UP, WHAT'S TO PREVENT HIM FROM SPILLING THE WHOLE DEAL?

HE'S DUMB! HE WON'T GET WISE FOR A LONG TIME... BUT HE'LL BE TOO SCARED TO BLAB, ANYWAY! HE KNOWS WHAT HE'LL GET!



SORRY, BUGS... NOTHING'S COME UP, YET! I GOT YA IN MIND, THOUGH!

YEAH! WELL, IT DOESN'T HURT TO CHECK UP, I GUESS! S'LONG!

OH, HIYA, BUGS! ON YER WAY UP TO THE OFFICE, HUH! DON'T BOTHER! KEARNEY'S OUTTA TOWN FER A FEW DAYS... TRYIN' TA DRUM UP SOMETHING! BUT HE MENTIONS YA FROM TIME TO TIME!

HONEST? GEE, THAT'S SWELL! OKAY, THEN... BE SEENIN' YA... MARK!

THREE MONTHS HE'S BEEN PUTTIN' ME OFF! WHAT A SAP I'VE BEEN! WELL, I KNOW HOW TA FIX YA, KEARNEY!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WITH HIS EVER DIMINISHING SUPPLY OF FUNDS, BUGS INSTANTLY SET ABOUT ROUNDING UP HIS OWN SMALL BAND OF TWO-BIT HOODLUMS...

YOU GUYS CAN GO ON BEIN' SMALL TIME FOR GOOD! AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, I'M GIVIN' YA A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY! ONCE I'M IN KEARNEY'S OUTFIT, I'LL START SQUEEZIN' ALL OF YA IN WITH ME! STICK WITH ME ON THIS JOB AND IT'S BOUND TA' WORK! WHAT DO YA SAY?

OKAY, BUGS! WE'LL RIDE ALONG! IT'S WORTH IT FER A C-NOTE!

SURE! YOU FINGER TOM KEARNEY FOR US, AND WE'LL DO THE JOB!



THEN ON A BALMY NIGHT IN MID JULY, 1939...

I HOPE YA KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN', BUGS! IF KEARNEY EVEN FINDS OUT YOU'RE BEHIND THIS...

IT'S UP TO YOU GUYS TO MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T FIND OUT! KNOCKIN' TOM OFF IS ONE THING... BUT DOIN' IT THIS WAY'LL MAKE KEARNEY CRAZY! SHH... HERE COMES THE PUNK NOW!



OKAY, FELLAS—NOW! I'LL KEEP MY EYES PEELED FOR THE LAW! LET HIM HAVE IT!

HEY! WHAT IS THIS? UGH! YOU GUYS MUST BE NUTS! DON'T YA KNOW WHO I AM? BOSS KEARNEY'S MY BROTHER! OOF!

OH, YEAH? DEAD MEN HAVE NO BROTHERS, AN' YOU'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD RIGHT NOW!



YOUR BROTHER'S A ROTTEN, LYIN', DOUBLE-CROSSER, AND YOU'RE THE APPLE OF HIS EYE! WELL, MAYBE I CAN'T GET AT HIM PERSONALLY, BUT YOU'LL DO FINE! GIVE IT TO 'IM REAL GOOD, BOYS! NOBODY CROSSES BUGS AARONS AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!

HEY, HE'S UNCONSCIOUS! HE CAN'T EVEN FEEL THIS!

YEAH, BUT HE'S STILL BREATHIN'! DON'T LET UP NOW!



I'M SORRY WE COULDN'T SAVE HIM! WHOEVER GAVE HIM THAT BEATING SURE DID A THOROUGH JOB!

YOU TWO DESERVE THE SAME TREATMENT... BUT MURDER'S STILL AGAINST THE LAW! TALK, KEARNEY—GOT ANY IDEA WHO MIGHT'VE DONE IT?

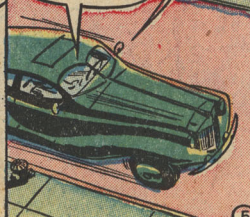
WHY, YOU... D'YA THINK I'D BE STANDIN' AROUND HERE IF I DID? NO, I DON'T KNOW... BUT IF I GET WHOEVER DID IT BEFORE YOU DO, I'LL GIVE IT TO 'IM TEN TIMES WORSE THAN HE GAVE IT TO TOM!

TOM DIDN'T HAVE ANY ENEMIES, MARK! THIS WAS DONE TO GET A CRACK AT ME! WHO DID IT, MARK? WHO HATES ME SO MUCH TO HAVE PULLED A STUNT LIKE THIS?

SEARCH ME, BOSS! WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE TOWN BOTTLED UP SO TIGHT IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ANOTHER MOB! AND TOM WAS YOUR RIGHT HAND, TOO! WHO'S GONNA TAKE OVER HIS JOB?

YOU ARE! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN! BUT THERE'S NOT A SINGLE MUSCLE MAN IN THE WHOLE MOB TO STEP INTO YOUR SHOES! HMM... I THINK MAYBE WE CAN USE THAT KID, BUGS, AFTER ALL! HE'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO KEEP THE BOYS IN LINE... AND HE'S AMBITIOUS!

OKAY, I'LL CALL HIM!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BUT LITTLE DID KEARNEY REALIZE THE EXTENT OF BUGS' AMBITIONS! NO SOONER HAD BUGS STEPPED IN THAN HE EMPLOYED A MOST UNIQUE MANNER OF GAINING A Foothold...

SOMETHIN' IMPORTANT'S COME UP, BOSS! THERE'S A STOOOLIE IN THE MOB! A COUPLE OF BOYS TAILED HIM TO THE D.A.'S OFFICE AND...

FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD, BUGS! DO YA HAFTA BOTHER ME WITH THESE DETAILS! YOU RUN THE MOB...TAKE CARE OF IT WITHOUT ME!



THE TIME WORN, BUT STILL THE BEST, METHOD WAS THE RIDE...

GET IT, BUGS! WHAT KIND OF A JOB ARE WE GONNA PULL OUT HERE! I JUST DON'T GET...AHHH!

YEAH...AN' TONIGHT WE TAKE CARE OF LANDO...FER GOOD!



THAT NIGHT...

WHAT THE DEV... HELLO! WHO IS IT? OH, BUGS! WHAT'S THE IDEA WAKIN' ME UP AT THIS HOUR...W. WHAT?

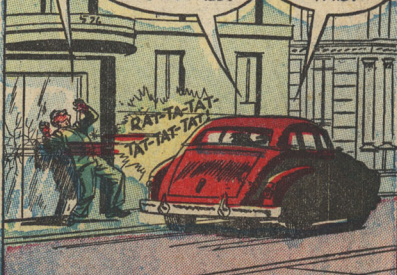
YA HEARD ME RIGHT THE FIRST TIME! SOME PUNKS ARE PLANNIN' TA KNOCK US OFF AND TAKE OVER! JUMP INTO YOUR CLOTHES AND GET DOWN HERE, RIGHT AWAY! WE'LL BEAT 'EM TO THE PUNCH!



AGGHHH!

THERE HE IS, NOW! DON'T MISS! IF HE LIVES TA TELL IT WAS ME WHO CALLED HIM, MY GOOSE IS COOKED!

I CAN'T MISS, BUGS...I'VE BEEN RE-HEARSIN' TOO LONG FOR THIS!



IT'S THE REAL BIG MONEY NOW, BOYS! I'M MOVIN' UP EVERY DAY! I'M OUTTA THE GUTTER FOR GOOD! ONLY KEARNEY STANDS IN MY WAY NOW! I WANT EVERYTHING HE'S GOT... ESPECIALLY THAT \$15,000 CUSTOM-BUILT WAGON HE RIDES AROUND IN!

FIRST, MY BROTHER, TOM...NOW MARK'S DEAD! YOU'LL HAFTA WATCH YOUR STEP, BUGS! WHOEVER DID IT WILL BE AFTER YOUR SCALP NEXT... AND I NEED YOU, BUGS! YOU'VE GOTTA STICK BY ME!

DON'T WORRY, BOSS... I'LL TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!

YOWEE! KEARNEY'S A SYNDICATE IN HIMSELF! BOOKIES, PHONY CONSTRUCTION COMPANIES, PROTECTION RACKETS, SLOT MACHINES—EVEN A BUMP-OFF AGENCY!

FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS, BUGS BIDDIED HIS TIME AND TRIED TO KEEP HIS HOODS CALM...BUT IN FEBRUARY 1940...

YOU BOYS ARE TOO IMPATIENT! I'M NOT EQUIPPED TA TAKE OVER YET! KEARNEY'S GOT ALL KINDS OF CROOKED CONNECTIONS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY! I'M MEETIN' NEW CONTRACTS EVERY DAY...CONTRACTS THAT BRING IN THE DOUGH! DON'T WORRY... IT'LL BE ANY DAY NOW!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MARCH 3, 1940 WAS THE BIG DAY...

HEY, WHERE'S THE SAFE? THE FILES? IT'S EMPTY! BUGS, WHAT'RE YA SITIN' THERE FOR? THERE WAS ENOUGH EVIDENCE THERE TO BLOW THIS TOWN WIDE OPEN! IF THE COPS GOT IT...

RELAX, KEARNEY! THEY HAVEN'T! I'VE GOT IT ALL STASHED AWAY—ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO GET YOU SENTENCED TO THE CHAIR TEN TIMES OVER! YOU'RE OUT, KEARNEY, FOR GOOD!



WH...WHAT? Y...YOU DID THIS TO ME? NOW I SEE...YOU KILLED MY BROTHER, TOM, AN' MARK LANDO, TOO! WHY? WHY?

JUST TO GET OUT OF THE GUTTER, AN' CAUSE YOU DOUBLE-CROSSED ME WHEN I CAME OUTTA STIR! SEE THESE STATS? THEY'RE PROOF OF YOUR GUILT! AN' UNLESS YOU TAKE THESE PLANE TICKETS AN' SCRAM WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE, I'M HANDIN' 'EM OVER TO THE D.A.!



SO THAT'S IT, EH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT? HEY, YOU GUYS, GET IN HERE FAST! BUGS HERE NEEDS TO BE TAKEN FOR A LITTLE RIDE IN THE COUNTRY! WELL, WHAT'RE YA SITIN' AROUND FOR?

THEY'RE MY BOYS, KEARNEY, NOT YOURS! I OUGHTA TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE! OH, ON YOUR WAY OUT, LEAVE THE KEYS TO THAT FANCY WAGON OF YOURS! I'M TAKIN' THAT, TOO! AN' BE ON THAT PLANE AT EIGHT!



HA, HA, HA! C'MON, BOYS, LET'S HAVE A LITTLE CELEBRATION! I WANNA PROPOSE A SPECIAL TOAST TO THE GUTTER! THAT'S WHERE WE ALL STARTED, AIN'T IT? HA, HA, HA!

I DON'T LIKE KEARNEY BEIN' ON THE LOOSE, BOYS! WE SHOULD'VE KNOCKED 'IM OFF!



MEANWHILE, A FEW BLOCKS AWAY...

YOU REMEMBER ME, DONTCHA, BENJIE? I WANT A FAVOR! YA STILL KNOW HOW TA MAKE THOSE AUTO-MOBILE BOMBS?

WHY, IT...IT'S MR. KEARNEY! SURE...SURE! I KNOW IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME...BUT I REMEMBER HOW WELL YA TREATED ME! I'LL MAKE YA ONE! HEH, HEH—JUST LIKE THE OLD DAYS!



THERE'S NO TELLIN' WHERE BUGS HID THOSE PAPERS! EITHER WAY I GOTTA LAM! I CAN'T TAKE CHANCES! BUT I'M GONNA MAKE SURE HE NEVER LIVES ANOTHER DAY TO BRAG HOW HE KILLED TOM AND MARK...AN' RUINED ME! AHH...ALL SET! BETTER GET HOME AN' PACK IF I'M GONNA MAKE THAT PLANE!



BUGS, LISTEN—KEARNEY ISN'T THE TYPE TO TAKE ALL THIS LYIN' DOWN! AS LONG AS HE'S ALIVE, WE'RE IN DANGER! LET'S FINISH HIM OFF, BUGS!

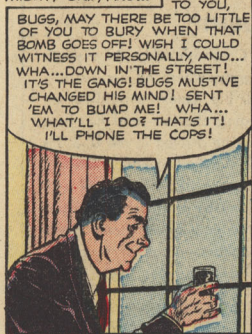
HUH? KEARNEY... YEAH...YEAH... YOU'RE RIGHT! I MUST'VE BEEN NUTS TO LET HIM GET AWAY! HE'S PROBABLY AT HIS PLACE RIGHT NOW... PACKIN'! GO AHEAD, FELLAS! KNOCK 'IM OFF!



C'MON, LET'S GO, FELLAS!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WITH HOURS BEFORE HIS PLANE DEPARTURE, THE DEPOSED KING OF THE UNDERWORLD STARED OUT AT THE CITY HE ONCE HELD IN A MIGHTY GRIP, AND...



HELLO, DESK! GET THE POLICE! HURRY! SOME MEN ARE BATTERIN' DOWN MY DOOR...TRYIN' TO KILL ME! HURRY—FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN—HURRY!



THE DOOR'S LOCKED! MAYBE HE'S GONE ALREADY!

NAH! SMASH IT IN! I HEAR SOMEBODY'S VOICE IN THERE! OKAY, FELLAS, ALL TOGETHER, NOW!

NO...NO! DON'T DO IT, FELLAS! DON'T DO... AGHH...

HELLO? HELLO? OHH...THOSE SOUNDED LIKE SHOTS! POLICE! POLICE!



WELL, HE WON'T GIVE US ANY TROUBLE! C'MON, LET'S GET BACK!

WHA...COPS! WE'RE TRAPPED! LET 'EM HAVE IT! AGHHH...

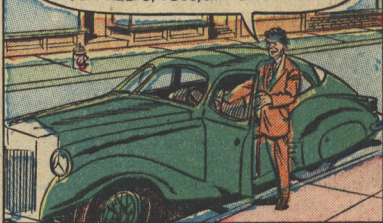
SHOOT! THEY'RE GOING TO TRY TO BATTLE IT OUT!

DROP THOSE GUNS, YOU PUNKS! OKAY, YOU ASKED FOR IT!

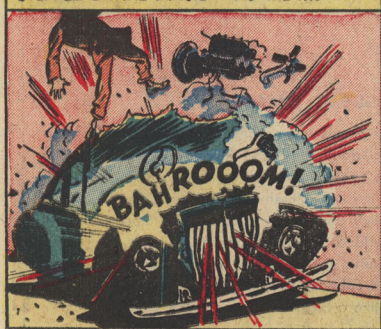


MEANWHILE, UNAWARE OF THE DEATH OF HIS HOODS, BUGS GAZED OVER HIS NEW POSSESSION...

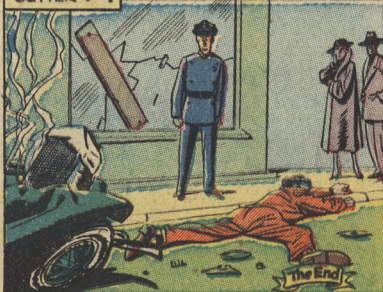
LOOK AT 'ER! WHAT A BEAUT! FIFTEEN G'S WORTH OF CAR WITH A MOTOR THAT PURRS LIKE A KITTEN! BR...ROTHER, I GOTTA TRY THIS BABY OUT! JUST GOT ENOUGH TIME BEFORE THE BOYS GET BACK! YOU'RE OUTTA THE GUTTER FOR KEEPS, BUGS, OLD BOY! YESSIR!



SMILING EAGERLY, THE MASTER CRIMINAL EDGED BEHIND THE WHEEL, TURNED ON THE IGNITION, STEPPED ON THE STARTER AND THEN...



YES, MARTY 'BUGS' AARONS LIVED A SHORT, TURBULENT LIFE OF VIOLENCE AND BRUTALITY...ALL BECAUSE HE HEARD THAT HAMMERING VOICE WITHIN HIM, SOMETIMES WHISPERING...SOMETIMES SHOUTING, BUT ALWAYS POUNDING... "GET OUT OF THE GUTTER!"



"STRANGE CRIMINALS"

NO-ACCOUNT "COUNT"



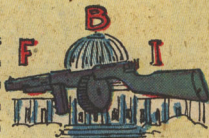
Lustig-Miller was born of peasant parents in Czechoslovakia. As a youth he was conscripted into his native country's army, where he accidentally received a sabre-cut that scarred his face for life. Later he paid for an education in every country of Europe by forging checks — and he spent time in prison in each of those countries. When he arrived in the U. S. his scar, (now identified as having been received in a duel of honor) the five languages he spoke, and a veneer of polish, permitted him to mix with society. He swindled his wealthy friends, but made most of his fortune by counterfeiting "pre-war" liquor tax stamps for bootleggers, and "U. S." currency. By the time government agents caught up with him "Count" Lustig-Miller was worth two million dollars — none of which he could spend, for he was sentenced to spend twenty-five years in a federal penitentiary!

BATES' WRONG BAIT

Albert Bates, an associate of the brutal Machine-gun Kelly, was arrested for the kidnapping of a prominent Oklahoman. It would mean a long prison term in Alcatraz. Bates, hoping to do a shorter stretch and escape prosecution for kidnapping, had a telegram smuggled out of the jail where he was being held, informing detectives of a city in Texas that he was responsible for a certain robbery there, and that they had priority on him. He asked them to come and get him from the "Feds." However, the detectives turned the telegram over to Federal authorities, and Bates did his stretch in the Federal pen!

SCARED STIFF

One thing even the most dangerous and defiant criminal fear is "G-Heat," the underworld's name for the persistence with which G-men stick to their trails. Big-time bank robber Ed Bentz made a study of Federal jurisdiction to avoid bringing the "Feds" down on him. Machine-gun Kelly was furious with his wife for getting him mixed up in a kidnapping, thus causing the G-men to hound him. He complained to her that he had been "doing all right, dragging down fifty-g's a year knocking over tin-can banks!" John Dillinger long defied the law until G-Heat was put on him — then he had his face lifted, attempted to further disguise himself by having his fingerprints destroyed, but to no avail. He died under a barrage of G-men's bullets!



"GREAT GUYS"

Big time mobsters are a generous lot — provided their generosity pays off. They like to be known as "good guys" and they give gladly, especially when they believe the news of their generosity will appear in the newspapers. Strangely enough, it does something for their consciences, too, despite the fact that what they are giving away is blood money — somebody else's blood! Al Capone bought diamond-studded platinum cigarette cases by the gross, had them inscribed "TO A PAL FROM AL," and handed them out like peanuts. Another Chicago mobster owned a taxi company, and often supplied cabs for poor old ladies to ride free at the funeral of a friend. He admitted it made him feel like a big shot!

"SWINDLERS' PARADISE!"



The swindler knows that his easiest bait is often the average, respectable citizen, who "just this one time" is willing to profit by a shady deal. Alvin Justin had "money making" machines which, he told prospective customers, had been smuggled into the country. They were the product of a German inventive genius. Justin always found his suckers among the more respected citizens of a community, demonstrating how he fed in blank bill-sized papers and they came out as perfect ten dollar bills. In fact, the ten dollar bills were perfect — even before Justin put them into a secret compartment of his machine. He sold hundreds of these machines — one for as high as a hundred and fifty thousand dollars — but never once was he reported to the law by the men he fleeced. They could hardly accuse him without implicating themselves. Justin got away with it for years, until he "sold" one of his machines to a government agent, falling into a Treasury Department trap!

Calvin Mills sold a lady some bonds that turned out to be counterfeit. She reported the matter to the police, but Mills had vanished. Some time later the same lady was asked for advice about buying some stock. The deal sounded familiar to her, and she accompanied her friend to a hotel lobby where the "stock salesman" was waiting. Our lady at once recognized Mills, and threatened to call the police. Mills said he didn't know the bonds he had sold her were bogus, and that he would return her money. As a guarantee he let the lady keep his Cadillac convertible, which he had parked outside, until he could bring her the money. She didn't see him again; he had stolen the car in another state, for which act G-Men went after him, and he finally wound up in prison!

In the wild, golden days of the Alaskan Gold Rush a gent named "Goldie" Jones frequented saloons, keeping his eye open for likely suckers. When one came along he would cautiously display a bag of gold dust for the "mark" to see. He'd get the man into a conversation, hinting that the gold dust was stolen, and that he'd be glad to get rid of it at half its worth. The not-too-honest chump would watch "Goldie" pay for drinks with the gold dust, and be convinced it was the real thing. He'd buy the gold dust, but what he'd get was a duplicate bag containing brass filings. "Goldie" had a poor memory, however, and nearly a year later tried the same stunt on one man for a second time — and was shot dead!



One of the most fabulous swindlers of all times was George von Weissenfeld, who was of a good family and well-educated. His greatest feat was pulled off in London, where he opened six sumptuously-furnished offices in various parts of the city, used over a hundred aliases, and working with his wife and a number of accomplices, posed as head of some forty bogus companies. He issued stocks on these, and with the money had a large house built in a fashionable suburb. Many of his wealthy guests, impressed by the polished von Weissenfeld, invested fortunes in one or another of these companies at his suggestion. But the investors expected some profit, and at last the whole thing blew up. Scotland Yard went after von W., arrived at his big home, only to find it deserted. Since every avenue of escape had been watched by the Yardmen, it was certain the swindler was still in London. The thorough authorities checked the plans of von Weissenfeld's home and learned that they provided for secret chambers beneath the house. They hastened to the suburban mansion, but when von Weissenfeld heard them coming he cheated them out of the satisfaction of capturing him. As they put their shoulders to the door of the underground chamber a loud shot rang out. They broke in and found their quarry dead — a suicide!



LADIES! STOP DARNING SOX

NYLON GUARANTEED

ENGLISH 6x3 RIB

SPECIALTY TWISTED WITH ADDED YARNS FOR EXTRA WEAR AND COMFORT

**AGAINST HOLES
FOR A WHOLE YEAR!
OR GET NEW SOX FREE!**

Think of it! If a hole is worn in any pair of these Men's handsome Ribbed NYLON SOX within one year, YOU GET NEW ONES ABSOLUTELY FREE—and they cost less than 60¢ a pair!

WHY WE CAN MAKE THIS OFFER!

First, you get a real bargain by ordering DIRECT from the Joy Hosiery Co. Second, these good-looking socks are made of reinforced NYLON. Yes, DuPont special twist, super-strength Nylon reinforced with added yarns, gives them wear-defying durability. They are finely knit, with elastic tops, soles of soft, absorbent Durene lisle. What's more, the heels and toes are NYLON REINFORCED for extra protection at points of hardest wear.

You'll be delighted with the smart ribbed appearance of these socks—their lustrous, silky smooth finish, perfect for dress or business. Your choice of ankle or regular length, of assorted colors, or all black or all white. Fast-dye colors never run or shade.

GUARANTEE

Every purchase is covered by the Iron-clad Guarantee of the Joy Hosiery Co. You are unconditionally GUARANTEED ONE FULL YEAR OF SATISFACTORY WEAR from each and every pair of socks or you get NEW SOCKS FREE to replace those that wear out. The Guarantee Certificate is dated. It is your absolute assurance of service and value.

NO HOLES!

NO MENDING OR DARNING!

SEE THEM! FEEL THEM! EXAMINE THEM!—WITHOUT OBLIGATION

Prove to yourself that this is one of the biggest values in men's hose you have ever seen! Let us send you a box of five pairs for 5 DAYS' EXAMINATION. No obligation to keep them. Compare these socks with others costing much more. Read the Guarantee Certificate. You must be convinced this is a truly great hosiery buy or return the socks and you will be out nothing. And the wear is guaranteed for an entire year!

Mail the coupon or write today, specifying size, whether ankle or regular length, color preference (see list). Don't delay. You take no risk. Read money-back offer in coupon.

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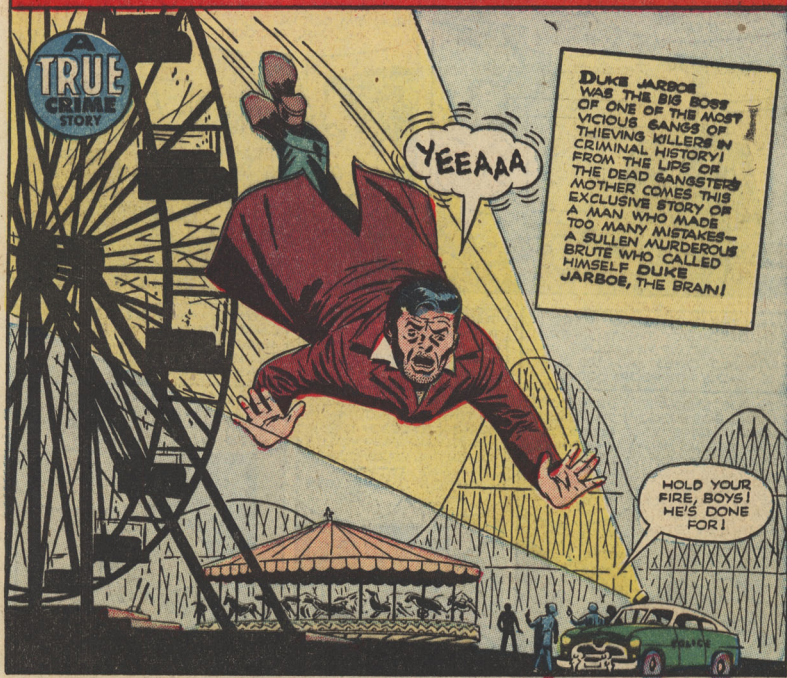
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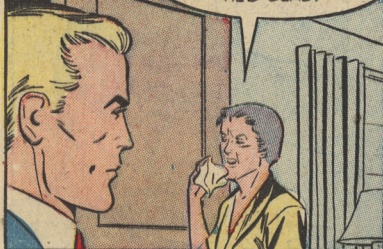
the crimeography of **DUKE JARBOE**



ON JULY 10TH 1947, A REPORTER CALLED AT AN APARTMENT ON THE EAST SIDE OF MANHATTAN...

ARE YOU MRS. JARBOE?

YES! OH, IT'S PROBABLY ABOUT MY SON! I HEARD IT OVER THE RADIO! THEY GOT HIM, DIDN'T THEY? THEY GOT DUKE! HE'S DEAD!



HERE ARE HIS THINGS—THEY THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT THEM! I CAME FOR A STORY, BUT I'LL LEAVE IF YOU DON'T FEEL LIKE TALKING!

NO, PLEASE STAY! I THINK IT'S BETTER WITH DUKE GONE! HE WAS BAD... ROTTEN FROM THE BEGINNING! HE WAS A SICK BOY! LET ME TELL YOU HOW HE GOT STARTED!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

HE THOUGHT HE WAS SO SMART AND TOUGH WHEN HE USED TO PLAY HOOKEY FROM SCHOOL AND HANG AROUND POOL-ROOMS!

I MADE THE SHOT! YOU OWE ME TWO-BITS! GET IT-UP!

YOU NEVER LOSE, DUKE! IT'S SHEER GENIUS!



DUKE, ARNIE WARD AND A FELLOW THEY CALLED CRAZY JACK GREW UP TOGETHER AND CALLED THEMSELVES THE "BRASS HAND GANG"! THEY WENT OUT LOOKING FOR FIGHTS WITH RIVAL GANGS! THEY WANTED THINGS ALL TO THEMSELVES...

LET'S GET 'EM, BOYS! WE'LL RUN 'EM OUTTA THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!

I GOT THIS GUY GOOD, DUKE! HE'S THE LAST ONE! LET'S GO!



WHEN THE RIVAL GANGS WERE LICKED, SOME OF THE TOUGHER ONES JOINED UP WITH DUKE, ARNIE AND CRAZY JACK TO RUN THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD...

DUKE WAS CLEVER LIKE A THIEVING FOX! AS HE GREW UP, HE MADE DETAILED PLANS FOR EACH JOB THE GANG PULLED...

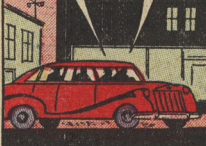
AND WHEN ANYONE FAILED TO CARRY OUT DUKE'S ORDERS, OR MADE AN ERROR-IT WAS JUST TOO BAD! YOU SEE, THIS WAS DUKE'S TRAINING FOR BIG TIME...

NOW, LISTEN, GUYS! I'M THE BOSS! CRAZY JACK AN' ARNIE WARD ARE MY LIEUTENANTS, 'CAUSE THAT TAKES BRAINS WHICH YOU GUYS KNOW I'VE GOT! YOU KIDS'LL DO WHAT WE TELL YA TO!

SURE, DUKE! THERE AIN'T NO TELLIN' WHERE WE'LL GO WITH A SMART COOKIE LIKE YOU!

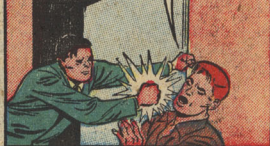
ARNIE, YOU TAKE THREE OF THEM AROUND THE CORNER TO DECOY THE WATCHMAN! THEN WE'LL CRACK THE WAREHOUSE WHILE HE CHASES YOU!

RIGHT! LET'S GO!



YA DOPE! YOU MADE TOO MUCH NOISE! DID YA WANT EVERY COP IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD ON OUR NECKS?

N...NO! DON'T HIT ME, DUKE!



THE "BIG TIME" WASN'T LONG IN COMING-JUST THREE YEARS-FOR WHEN DUKE WAS TWENTY-FOUR, THE GANG WAS GOING IN FOR STICK-UPS, AND ARMED ROBBERY...

WHEN THE GIRLIE SHOW GOES ON AT THREE, THE LIGHTS GO OFF! JACK TAKES THE OWNERS' OFFICE, WHILE ARNIE STAYS OUTSIDE AND KEEPS THE CUSTOMERS COVERED!

ARNIE, YOU AND JACK HIT THAT ROAD-HOUSE TONIGHT! I CASED THE JOINT TODAY!

WHAT ABOUT YOU, JARBOE? YOU STAYING OUT? AFRAID... MAYBE?



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

LOOK HERE, WISE GUY! I AIN'T AFRAID OF ANYTHING—AND WHAT'S MORE, I DON'T LIKE THE KIND OF LIP YOU'RE GIVING ME! ANY MORE QUESTIONS?

N...NO! DUKE! I WAS ONLY KIDDING!



THEY PULLED THE ROADHOUSE JOB THE NEXT DAY! ARNIE WARD WATCHED THE FLOOR SHOW AND THE CUSTOMERS WHILE CRAZY JACK BROKE INTO THE OWNER'S OFFICE...

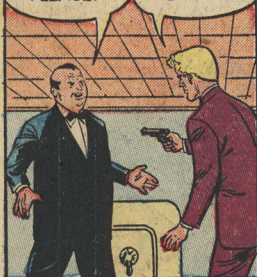
WHAT'S TAKIN' JACK SO LONG? THIS WAITING IS DRIVING ME NUTS!



JACK SHOVED A .45 IN THE OWNER'S BACK...

DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT ME, PLEASE!

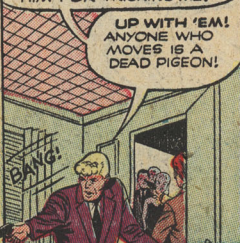
SHUT UP, AND OPEN THAT SAFE!



I DON'T KNOW HOW THE OWNER WORKED IT, BUT WHEN THE SAFE DOOR OPENED, AN ALARM WENT OFF OUTSIDE! JACK WENT CRAZY AND...

AN ALARM! WHY, THE DIRTY LOUSE! THIS'LL FIX HIM FOR TRICKING ME!

UP WITH 'EM! ANYONE WHO MOVES IS A DEAD PIGEON!



THEY RAN OUTSIDE TO A WAITING CAR, AND DROVE AWAY FAST! SHOOTING BACK AS THEY WENT...

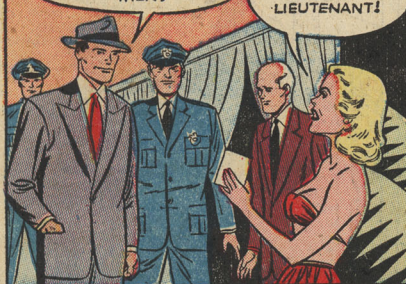
STEP ON IT, KID! THEY GOT THE COPS AFTER US!



BUT DUKE'S BOYS HAD LEFT SOME LOOSE ENDS, FOR WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED...

CAN ANYBODY HERE GIVE US A DESCRIPTION OF THE STICKUP MEN?

I THINK I HAVE SOMETHING THAT'LL HELP, LIEUTENANT!



POOR, STUPID ARNIE—HE ACCIDENTALLY HAD HIS PICTURE TAKEN...

THAT'S THE MAN! HE HELD A GUN WHILE THE OTHER ROBBED THE SAFE!

IT'S ARNIE WARD—ONE OF DUKE JARBOE'S HOODS! LET'S PICK HIM UP!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS, THEY PICKED UP ARNIE! THEY GOT HIM IN THE MIDST OF A GAME OF POOL...

ARNOLD WARD—WE HAVE A WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST! GET UP AGAINST THE WALL WITH YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!

HUH? COPPERS! DON'T SHOOT! I'LL GO QUIETLY!



ARNIE DIDN'T SQUEAL ON DUKE AND THE BOYS! HE WAS BOOKED ON THE CHARGES OF ROBBERY, AND WAS SENT UP FOR A TWENTY YEAR HITCH! MEANWHILE, AT DUKE'S HIDEOUT...

ARNIE WAS STUPID—PLAIN STUPID! SLICK OPERATORS DON'T GET CAUGHT BY DUMB COPS!

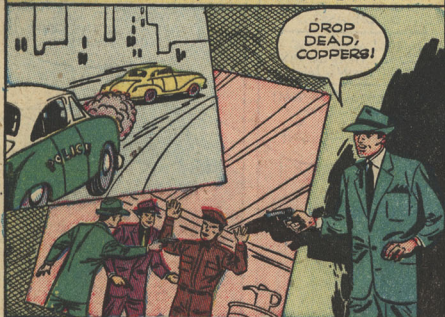


BUT THEY WON'T GET US, JACK! WE BEGIN WHERE THE BLOCKHEADS LEAVE OFF—AND NO MISTAKES! RIGHT?

RIGHT—NO MISTAKES, DUKE! THOSE LOUSY BULLS WON'T GET US!



AND SO IT WENT, WITH DUKE PUSHING HIS LUCK HARD—ALWAYS TWO STEPS IN FRONT OF THE COPS, ALWAYS TRIGGER-HAPPY AND HATING THE LAW...



ON MARCH 29TH, THEY PULLED A BIG BANK HEIST...



HEY! JACK'S STILL IN THERE COVERIN' FOR US!

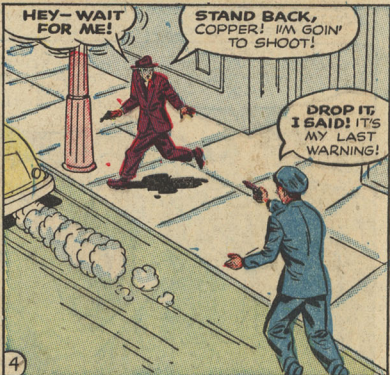
I PLANNED IT THAT WAY! HE KNOWS WHAT TO DO—LET'S GO!



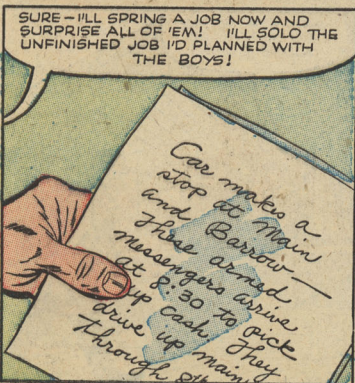
HEY—WAIT FOR ME!

STAND BACK, COPPER! I'M GOIN' TO SHOOT!

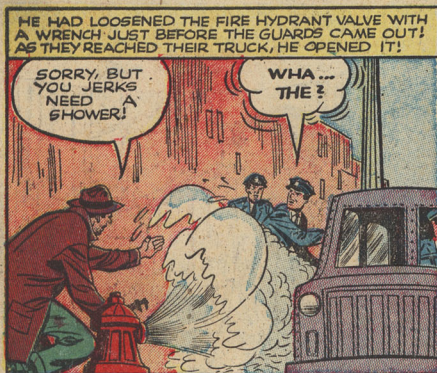
DROP IT, I SAID! IT'S MY LAST WARNING!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



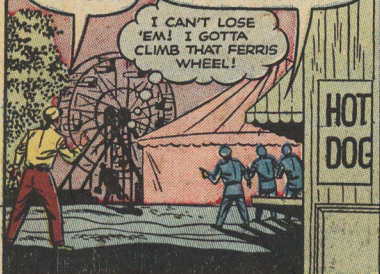
CRIME DOES NOT PAY

DUKE MADE IT OUT OF THE HOT DOG STAND AND TO THE AMUSEMENT SECTION OF THE PARK...

THERE HE GOES OFFICER!

HOLD YOUR FIRE, MEN! THERE ARE KIDS AROUND WE MIGHT HIT!

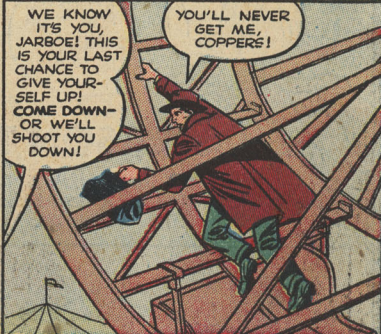
I CAN'T LOSE 'EM! I GOTTA CLIMB THAT FERRIS WHEEL!



IT'S HISTORY NOW—HOW DUKE CLIMBED ATOP THE FERRIS WHEEL...

WE KNOW IT'S YOU, JARBOE! THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE TO GIVE YOURSELF UP! COME DOWN—OR WE'LL SHOOT YOU DOWN!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, COPPERS!



OKAY, BOYS—LET'S GO UP AFTER HIM!

I WARN YOU, COPPERS! STAY AWAY FROM ME OR I'LL CHOP YOU! STAY AWAY!



OKAY! YOU ASKED FOR IT! SO COME AND GET IT!

WATCH IT, MEN! STAY IN CLOSE!

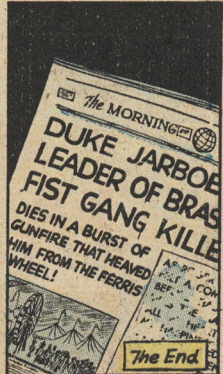


WELL, THE COPS CORNERED HIM ON THE STRUCTURE OF THE GIANT WHEEL AND MOWED HIM DOWN, BUT I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU THE REST...

YOU COPPERS CAN'T TAKE ME ALIVE! DON'T YOU KNOW I'M THE BIG BRAIN? I'M TAKIN' SOME OF YOU WITH ME... EEEA...



WELL, THERE'S YOUR STORY, MISTER! PLEASE GO NOW!

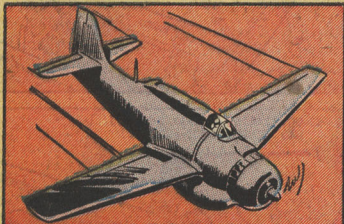




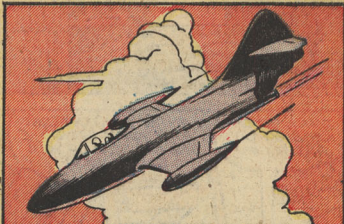
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It isn't enough just to wash and scrub. That helps. But you need more than soap and water for a glamour girl complexion. Perhaps you've already tried soap and water—with discouraging results. Or perhaps you've used a detergent cream. Well, detergents are helpful, but the same thing that makes a floor shine or dishes sparkle won't always bring a glow to your complexion.

What your skin needs is some *help* in performing its *natural* functions. If your skin is healthy, all by itself it tends to keep pores unclogged and to nourish itself on natural oils.

If it has stopped doing that, you have trouble—and you have to find a way to bring *back* to your skin its natural beauty, its natural glow and loveliness.

Now there is an easy way to do it. There is a cream, a special, extra-rich skin cream that you can massage gently into your skin. As you do, it will deep-cleanse your skin—cleaner than you've ever seen it before. When you wipe off the excess cream you will see for yourself how amazingly it cleans. But this cream does something else. As you apply it, it penetrates the skin—replaces the natural oils that your skin *needs* for glowing beauty.

If you use this cream for even a week you will see—and others will notice at once—how wonderfully *alive* your skin looks, how it seems to have a deep glow beneath the surface, how glamorous it makes you look.

And to keep that glamorous girl look, once a week—or before special dates—use a special Cream Facial Mask. Pat it on, wait a few minutes, wash it off—feel how it stimulates your skin. When you do remove it, see how clear, how soft, how fresh your skin looks. You can *feel* the difference, too.

These two creams, prepared from a special laboratory formula, have been tried and tested. You don't have to be discouraged about your skin. If you have tried other methods that haven't worked, let us suggest this: We will send you a generous jar of both creams (and we will pay both tax and postage on them) for \$3.00. Try them for ten days. See for yourself what they can do. If they fail in any way, if you are not satisfied, not absolutely thrilled by what they do for you, then return them to us for a full money-back refund. You have nothing to lose—and everything to gain.

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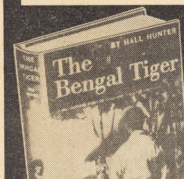
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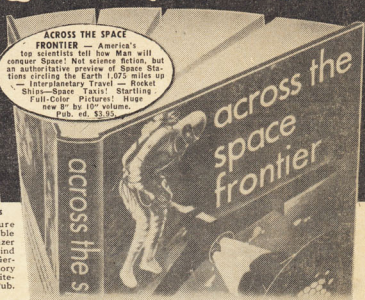
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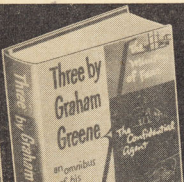
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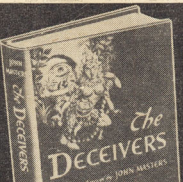
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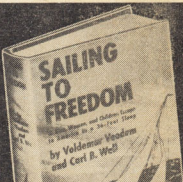
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I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscles!

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